



71

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



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HOLE
IN THE

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SPAWN #70 Summary

Twitch is able to break free from his captor, the Freak, when he is distracted by Spawn's sudden appearance. Then, as Sam, Twitch and Spawn struggle together to stop the slaughter in the alley, they feel their curious bond intensifying. However, they all are puzzled when Spawn becomes ineffective in a certain area of the alley called the 'dead zone'. Discovering that the Freak has slipped away, Spawn tracks him down and unleashes the worms and insects on him until he is drowned by their mass. Earlier in the day, Wanda again witnessed Cyan's psychotic behavior over losing her soother and necklace out the car window.



TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS

www.spawn.com

IT'S OVER.

AFTER WREAKING HAVOC ON THE DENIZENS OF RAT CITY, THE MALEVOLENT MESSIAH KNOWN ONLY AS THE FREAK HAS MET HIS FATE AT THE HANDS OF SPAWN.


TAKING TANGIBLE FORM--MAGGOTS, WORMS, ALL MANNER OF PARASITES--THE SINS OF ONE MAN'S LIFE NOW DEVOUR THEIR MAKER.

ASHES
TO
ASHES...

WITHOUT EVEN UNDERSTANDING HOW, SPAWN SUMMONED UP A WAVE OF KARMIC FORCE, PURGING THE TWISTED, MALIGNANT EVIL FROM THE MADMAN'S SOUL AND TURNED IT BACK ON HIM.

THE ALLEYWAYS YAWN. A COLD WIND RISES UP, SPREADING OUT ACROSS THE CITY, AS THE FREAK WRITHES IN HIS FINAL DEATH THROES, RECLAIMED BY THE DARKNESS HE EMBRACED.

DUST TO
DUST...

A dramatic comic book panel featuring Hellspawn, a character with a black and red suit, glowing yellow eyes, and a large red cape. He is suspended in the air by heavy metal chains. Below him, a man with a grey beard and a dark hooded cloak is also suspended by chains. The background shows a cityscape with buildings and a large, multi-tentacled, orange-red creature at the bottom. The scene is set at night with a dark, moody atmosphere.

STILL SEETHING
WITH ANGER,
SPAWN REGARDS
HIS HANDIWORK
WITH QUIET
PRIDE.

**BRAVO!
BRAVO!**

QUITE A
PERFORMANCE,
HELLSPAWN.

"LOOK
ON MY
WORKS, YE
MIGHTY, AND
DESPAIR."

HE WAS AN
ABOMINATION,
COG. HE ENGINEERED
A GANG WAR AND AL-
MOST SUCCEEDED IN
KILLING ME. HE GOT
NO MORE THAN HE
DESERVED.

A GANG
WAR YOU
DID ALMOST
NOTHING
TO AVERT.

HOW
MANY DIED
HERE TONIGHT?
AND FOR WHAT?
HE'S JUST ONE
MORE **CORPSE**
AGAINST THE
BARRICADES.



I'M TIRED OF LISTENING TO YOU, OLD MAN. I JUST HAD MY GODDAMN HEAD BLOWN OFF BECAUSE OF THAT FREAK.

I'M NOT IN A VERY FORGIVING MOOD.

SPARE ME THE SELF PITY. WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO **FACE UP** TO WHAT YOU ARE? **NOTHING** AROUND YOU HAPPENS BY **ACCIDENT**.



YOUR MERE **PRESENCE** HERE ON EARTH AFFECTS THINGS IN WAYS YOU CAN'T EVEN **BEGIN** TO COMPREHEND. THIS **PLACE**... THESE **PEOPLE**-- YOUR FATES ARE BOUND TOGETHER.

YOUR EXISTENCE **MATTERS**, SPAWN. YOUR **ACTIONS** MATTER. AND IT'S TIME YOU STARTED THINKING A LITTLE MORE BEFORE YOU ACT.


I'M IN NO MOOD FOR LECTURES, COG. NOT NOW.



TOUGH. THE FORCES YOU'RE DEALING WITH MAKE NO ALLOWANCES FOR YOUR "MOODS". YOU WANT TO BE A MAN AGAIN?



THEN START **ACTING** LIKE A **MAN**!



LOOK
AROUND YOU.
YOU HAVE TO
START PUTTING THE
PIECES OF THE PUZZLE
TOGETHER. WHAT DO
YOU THINK THAT
"DEAD ZONE" IS? WHY
DO YOU THINK YOU
LOSE YOUR POWERS
THERE?

YOU WANT
TO KNOW? IT'S
A **CELESTIAL
SAFE ZONE**.
LITERALLY A
SMALL PATCH OF
HEAVEN
HERE AMID THE
DESOLATION OF
RAT CITY.

AND
BELIEVE ME,
THEY'RE PAYING
CLOSE ATTENTION
TO WHAT GOES
ON HERE!

WHAT?!


WHAT ARE YOU
TELLING ME?

I ALMOST
DIED-- AND NOW
I'M SUPPOSED TO
BELIEVE THAT SOME
FILTH-RIDDEN HOLE
FILLED WITH JUNKIES
AND DEGENERATES
IS SOME HEAVENLY
REST STOP?

AND THAT THEY
JUST SAT BY AND LET
ALL THIS HAPPEN?
WHY SHOULD I
BELIEVE ANYTHING
YOU SAY? GO TO
HELL, COG!

BEEN
THERE, DONE
THAT. DON'T
CARE TO
REPEAT IT,
THANK
YOU.

SPAWN,
THIS **CURSE**
ISN'T GOING TO
JUST GO AWAY
BECAUSE YOU
IGNORE IT.




BY NOW I'D
THINK YOU'D
REALIZE THAT
HEAVEN AND HELL
BEAR LITTLE RESEM-
BLANCE TO WHAT
YOU LEARNED IN
SUNDAY SCHOOL.
AND THAT THESE
ALLEYS AREN'T
WHAT THEY
APPEAR TO BE.

DO YOU
THINK THAT A
PRIZED SOLDIER
OF **HELL** IS
GOING TO WALK
THIS EARTH WITH-
OUT **HEAVEN**
KEEPING
CLOSE TABS
ON YOU?

IF YOU-- AND
I-- ARE EVER GOING TO
FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS
CURSE, YOU NEED TO START
ASKING THE RIGHT QUESTIONS.
I DON'T KNOW ALL THE
ANSWERS, SPAWN,
OR I WOULDN'T
BE HERE.

BUT I THINK
I CAN HELP
YOU WITH THE
QUESTIONS.



IF YOU
DON'T HAVE
THE **ANSWERS**,
OLD MAN, WHAT
GOOD ARE YOU
TO ME?



LOOK AT
YOU. ALL THIS
TIME AND YOU'RE
NOT **TWO STEPS**
FROM WHERE YOU
STARTED. THAT
HAS TO **CHANGE**,
SPAWN.

YOU
HAVE TO
CHANGE
IF YOU
WANT TO
SURVIVE.

SUBURBAN
QUEENS.

UNDER A WATCHFUL
MOON, A GENTLE
BREEZE SIGHS
THROUGH TREELINED
STREETS.

THE NIGHT IS QUIET AND
STILL, SAVE FOR THE SOFT
RUSTLING OF LEAVES ACROSS
MANICURED LAWNS.

GOOD-
NIGHT,
HONEY.
SWEET
DREAMS.

WARM AND SAFE BENEATH HER
BLANKETS, LITTLE CYAN FITZ-
GERALD SLEEPS LIKE AN ANGEL.

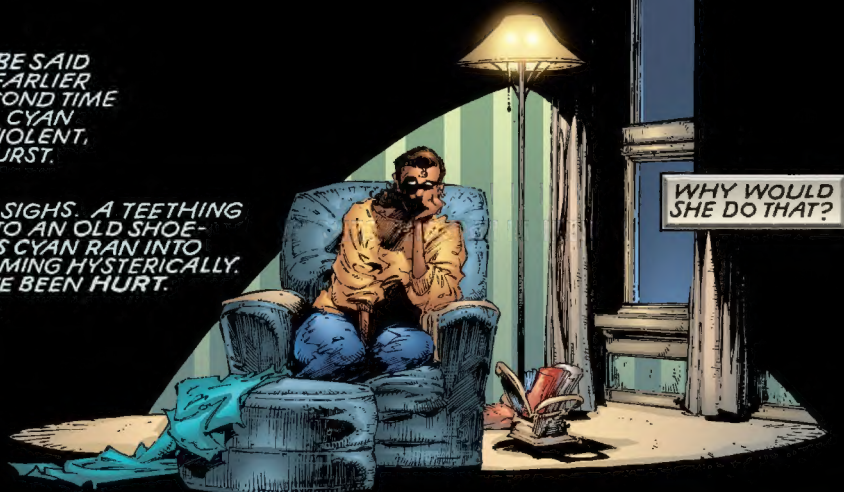
IT IS THE SLEEP OF
THE INNOCENT. THE
SERENE, GENTLE
SLUMBER OF
CHILDHOOD.

HER BREATH COMES
SLOW AND MEASURED
AS SHE DREAMS IN
BLISSFUL, WOMB-
LIKE COMFORT.

WITHOUT A
CARE IN
THE WORLD.

THE SAME CANNOT BE SAID FOR HER MOTHER. EARLIER TODAY-- FOR THE SECOND TIME IN RECENT MONTHS-- CYAN BROKE OUT INTO A VIOLENT, SEIZURE-LIKE OUTBURST.

WANDA BLAKE SIGHS. A TEETHING SOOTHER TIED TO AN OLD SHOE-LACE... FOR THIS CYAN RAN INTO TRAFFIC, SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY. SHE COULD HAVE BEEN HURT. OR KILLED.



A WHILE BACK, CYAN WAS KIDNAPPED.* AFTER IT WAS OVER, EVERYONE WAS SURPRISED AT HOW WELL SHE HAD ADJUSTED. LIKE NOTHING HAD HAPPENED.

BUT IT'S CLEAR NOW THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG. SOME DELAYED REACTION TO THE ORDEAL, PERHAPS? A DEEP-SEATED EMOTIONAL TRAUMA?

PERHAPS EVEN SOME PERMANENT PHYSIOLOGICAL DAMAGE?

ALONE WITH HER THOUGHTS, WANDA BLAKE IMAGINES THE WORST.

*SPAWN 59 -- Tom.

HEY BABE, SORRY I'M LATE...

HONEY, WHERE ARE YOU?

TERRY... THANK GOD YOU'RE HOME.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I GOT HUNG UP AT THE OFFICE AGAIN. NO BIG DEAL.

YOU OKAY?

WHERE'S CYAN?





THE WIND PICKS UP FROM THE NORTH AS SAM AND TWITCH SCOUR THE SPRAWLING MAZES OF RAT CITY FOR THE BEING KNOWN AS SPAWN.

DAMN. I THOUGHT FOR SURE THIS WAS THE WAY.

CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP MY BEARINGS. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER I'D SWEAR THESE FRIGGIN' ALLEYS KEEP MOVING ON US.

HARDLY LIKELY, SIR.

WELL, WE BETTER FIND SPAWN-BOY, PRONTO. NOT THAT I'M SURE WHAT TO DO *WHEN* WE FIND HIM. MAYBE IF WE DOUBLE BACK...

LOOK, SIR. THERE'S SOMETHING UP AHEAD.

HEY BOYS! HERE'S THE SITCH: SOME KIND OF ALLEY BUM *TURF WAR*. BUT THAT AIN'T THE HALF OF IT.

WE AIN'T CLEAR ON THE DETAILS, BUT SOMETHING *FREAKY* IS GOING DOWN. I DON'T KNOW, SOMETHING...

um...

PRETER-NATURAL, SIR?

YEAH. WHAT HE SAID.

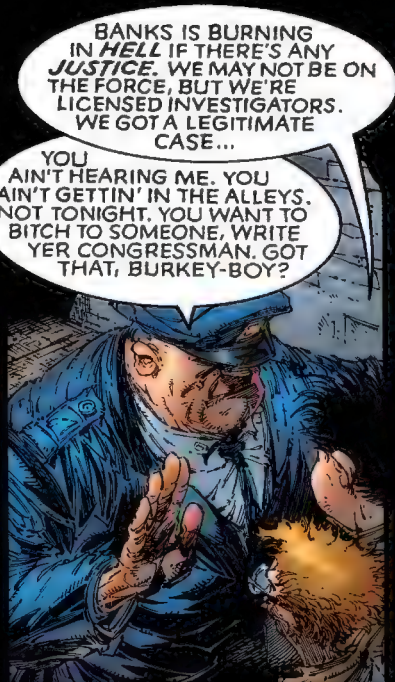
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.

OKAY, IF YOU'RE SURE YOU GOT A HANDLE ON IT, WE'LL JUST FINISH UP ON OUR OWN.

Uh-uh. YOU TWO AIN'T GOING NOWHERE.

AND WHY IS THAT?

'CAUSE THIS IS OFFICIAL *POLICE* BUSINESS. AND IN CASE YOU FORGOT, YOU TWO AIN'T ON THE FORCE NO MORE. *BANKS* HAD THE GOOD SENSE TO WEED YOU OUT, GOD REST HIS SOUL.



BANKS IS BURNING
IN **HELL** IF THERE'S ANY
JUSTICE. WE MAY NOT BE ON
THE FORCE, BUT WE'RE
LICENSED INVESTIGATORS.
WE GOT A LEGITIMATE
CASE...

YOU
AIN'T HEARING ME. YOU
AIN'T GETTIN' IN THE ALLEYS.
NOT TONIGHT. YOU WANT TO
BITCH TO SOMEONE, WRITE
YER CONGRESSMAN. GOT
THAT, BURKEY-BOY?

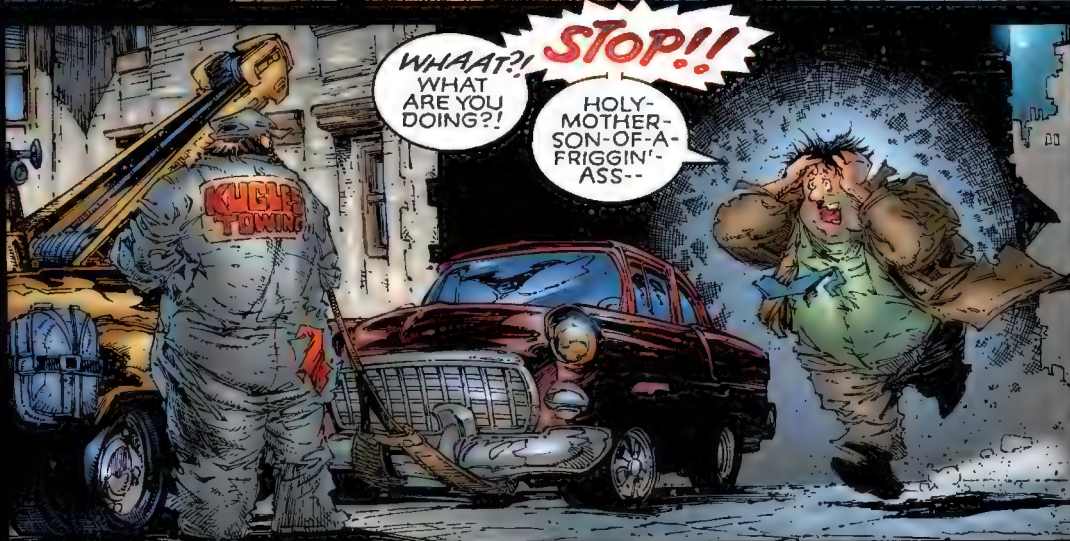


BESIDES,
LOOKEE
THERE!

HOLY
LARD-ASS!
AIN'T THAT THE
FATMOBILE
THEY'RE
TOWING?



GEE,
THAT'S A
SHAME. TOO
CLOSE TO A
HYDRANT. WE'RE
CRACKING DOWN
ON THAT. PART OF
THE MAYOR'S NEW
CIVIC PRIDE
CAMPAIGN.



WHAAT?!
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?!

STOP!!

HOLY-
MOTHER-
SON-OF-A-
FRIGGIN'-
ASS--



IMPRESSIVE, SIR.
I DIDN'T REALIZE THERE
WERE SO MANY **EXPLETIVES**
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.
YOU'RE A VERITABLE "ROGET'S"
OF PROFANITY.

PITY IT
DIDN'T
GET YOU
OUT OF THE
CITATION.

YEAH, WELL...
LEAST THEY
DIDN'T SCRATCH
UP THE
CHROME.

WE
COOL
OUR JETS
AND PLAN
OUR NEXT
MOVE.

SO
WHAT
NOW,
SIR?



HERE WE GO. JUST THE THING TO TAKE THE EDGE OFF. CLEAR AWAY THE COB-WEBS SO WE CAN THINK STRAIGHT.



NOT EXACTLY THE RAINBOW ROOM, IS IT, SIR?

LISTEN, TWITCH. YOU WANT CULTURE, YOU GO TO THE OPERA. YOU WANT TO RELAX, HAVE A LITTLE FUN, BELIEVE ME...



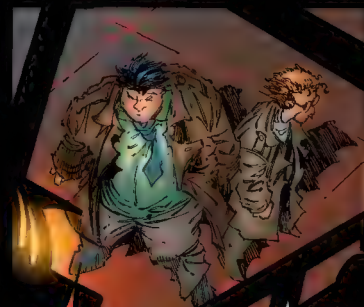
...THIS IS... THE... RIGHT... PLACE?

YOU WERE SAYING, SIR?



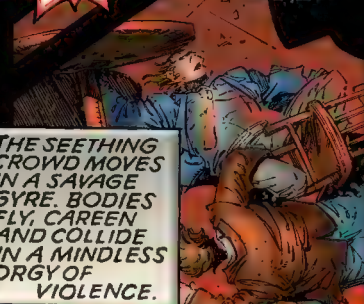
FREAKIN' HELL!

LEMMIE GO!



HEY!
C'MON,
BREAK
IT UP, YOU
MOOKS!

LOOK AT
THEIR EYES.
SIR. THEY
APPEAR TO
BE IN SOME
SORT OF A
TRANCE.



THE SEETHING
CROWD MOVES
IN A SAVAGE
GYRE. BODIES
FLY, CAREEN
AND COLLIDE
IN A MINDLESS
ORGY OF
VIOLENCE.



WAIT.
THERE'S
SOMETHING
NOT RIGHT
HERE...

YOU MEAN
BESIDES THE
SPONTANEOUS
OUTBREAK
OF MASS
VIOLENCE?



WITH THE TRAINED
EYE OF A VETERAN
DETECTIVE, BURKE
SCANS THE ROOM.
SOMETHING IS OUT
OF PLACE IN THE
BRUTISH SWIRL
OF MOTION.

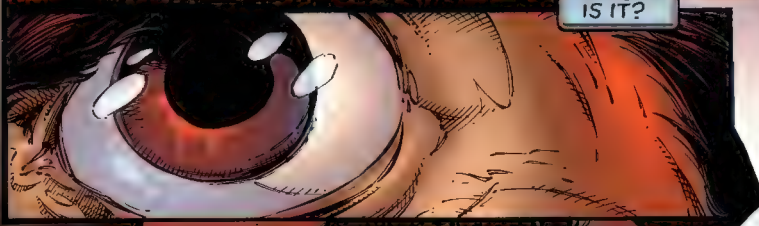
GIMME
A SECOND.
I SMELL A
RAT.

SOMETHING
THAT MOVES IN
COUNTERPOINT
TO CHAOTIC
MELEE.



"WHERE IS IT?"

"WHERE
IS IT?"



"GOTCHA."

EXIT





MOVE IT, TWITCH!
THE WEIRDZO MAKING
OFF WITH THAT BROAD--
I THINK HE'S THE ONE
BEHIND THIS!

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW?

GUT
INSTINCT.

AND A
FORMIDABLE
INSTINCT IT
IS, SIR.



YOU WERE
RIGHT, SIR.
THE MAYHEM
STOPPED AS
SOON AS THE
GENTLEMAN
EXITED THE
BUILDING.

ALL RIGHT
BUDDY, PUT
THE GIRL
DOWN AND--

HUH?
WHERE
THE HELL
DID HE
GO?



"EXITED" IS
RIGHT! POOF!
INTO THIN AIR.
THIS NIGHT JUST
GETS WEIRDER
AND WEIRDER.

SIR, I
THINK YOU
SHOULD
HAVE A
LOOK AT
THIS.



HER
THROAT
HAS BEEN
RIPPED
OUT.

TEN
BLOCKS
AWAY.

LOOK AT
THIS! A
REGULAR
MASSACRE.

THIS IS WHAT
OUR FAIR CITY
HAS SUNK TO-- A
TURF WAR OVER
WHO GETS THE
BEST CARD-
BOARD BOX.

YER ALL
HEART,
Y'KNOW THAT
BOYLE?


HEY SLIM,
YOU WANT TO
HURRY THIS UP?
I'D LIKE TO GET
OUTTA HERE AS
SOON AS WE CAN.
THIS PLACE
GIVES ME THE
CREEPS.

WHY
DOESN'T THE
CITY JUST PLOW
THIS DUMPOVER,
PUT UP ONE OF
THOSE NICE
SHOPPING MALLS?
EVEN ONE OF THEM
FIVE-DOLLAR-A-CUP
YUPPIE COFFEE
JOINTS WOULD
BE BETTER'N
THIS **HELL
HOLE.**

ASK ME,
THESE REJECTS
DID US ALL A
FAVOR. CAN'T
STAND THESE
LOSERS. ALWAYS
PANHANDLING,
PEEIN' IN THE STREET,
DIRTYIN' UP YOUR
WINDSHIELD.

AS FAR
AS I'M
CONCERNED,
THESE "BUMS"
AREN'T EVEN
PEOPLE.

"I MEAN,
WHAT KIND
OF **SICKO**
WOULD
ACTUALLY
CALL THIS
PLACE
HOME?"



FROM BEHIND THE BOARDED-UP WINDOWS, SPAWN SURVEYS THE CARNAGE. SUCH A WASTE. ALL THIS OVER WHO HAS CLAIM TO A WRETCHED PATCH OF NOTHING THAT MOST PEOPLE WOULDN'T EVEN SPIT ON.

THE STREWN, LIFELESS BODIES OF THOSE URBAN PARIASHS LITTER THE GROUND LIKE SO MUCH REFUSE. NO NEXT OF KIN TO NOTIFY, NO MONEY FOR A PROPER BURIAL.

NOT THAT IT MATTERS MUCH. LT. COLONEL **AL SIMMONS** HAD A HERO'S FUNERAL. TV CAMERAS FOCUSING ON HIS FLAG-DRAPE COFFIN. IT DIDN'T DO **HIM** MUCH GOOD, DID IT?

HE PONDERES WHAT COG TOLD HIM EARLIER. THERE'S MORE TO THESE ALLEYS THAN HE HAD EVER BELIEVED. FOR BETTER OR WORSE, THEY ARE PART OF HIM NOW. THEY ARE HIS **HOME**.

AND, LIKE A SPIDER AT THE CENTER OF A GREAT WEB, HE CAN SENSE WHEN SOMETHING MAKES THE MISTAKE OF CROSSING INTO HIS DOMAIN.

YOO-HOO!
DEADBOY!

I KNEW YOU'D BE SKULKING AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. JUST HAD TO FOLLOW THE STENCH OF **ROTTING MEAT**.

IT'S A WONDER YOU DON'T HAVE **DROOLING DOGS** CHASING AROUND AFTER YOU.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, **HELLSPAWN**? AREN'T YOU GOING TO **INVITE ME IN?**

I DON'T
KNOW WHO
YOU ARE, BUT
I SUGGEST
YOU TAKE A WALK
RIGHT NOW.
THERE'S BEEN
ENOUGH BLOOD
SPILLED TONIGHT.
I'D RATHER NOT
ADD YOURS
TO IT.

THIS IS
NOTHING.
PARIS DURING
THE REIGN OF
TERROR...
ST PETERSBURG
BACK IN 'IT'... *THOSE*
WERE PROPER BLOOD
BATHS. GUTTERS
RAN *RED* WITH
THE STUFF

BEAUTIFUL, I
TELL YA. A SIGHT TA
SEE. MAKES ME KIND OF
MISTY JUST THINKING ABOUT
IT. *THIS* IS A DROP IN THE
OCEAN. BARELY A TRICKLE.
STILL, IT'S ENOUGH
TO WORK UP THE
THIRST.

KNOW
WHAT I
MEAN?

BLOODSHED?
HAH!

THE CREATURE MOVES
WITH BLINDING SPEED,
QUICK ENOUGH TO CATCH
THE SPAWN OFF-GUARD.

IT WAS STRONGER
THAN HE HAD
COUNTED ON,
AS WELL.

Ooh,
HURT ME
HELLSPAWN,
HURT ME!

OOF!

YOU WERE
WARNED! FINE.
ONE MORE CORPSE
AGAINST THE
BARRICADES...

IT ONLY TAKES
HALF A MOMENT
FOR SPAWN TO
RECOVER. THE
HELL-FORGED
CHAINS OF HIS
SYMBIOTE BODY
ARMOR STAND
POISED TO TWIST
THE CREATURE'S
HEAD OFF.

BUT IT IS
HALF A MOMENT
TOO LATE.

WHOMP!

C'MON,
SPAWN!
LET ME
HAVE IT!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER? YOU'RE
GOING ALL LIMP ON
ME. OH, WELL. DON'T
WORRY. I HEAR THAT
HAPPENS TO EVERY
ONE, ONCE IN
A WHILE.

GET
OFF
ME!



SINKING
IN NOW. IS IT?
WE JUST FELL INTO
THE "DEAD ZONE".
DIDN'T THAT **OLD**
MAN WARN YOU
ABOUT THIS?
OOPS.

A LONELY
PATCH OF
HEAVEN RIGHT
SMACK IN THE MIDDLE
OF ALL THIS **URBAN**
DECAY. ALL OF **HELL'S**
MINIONS ARE
POWERLESS
HERE.



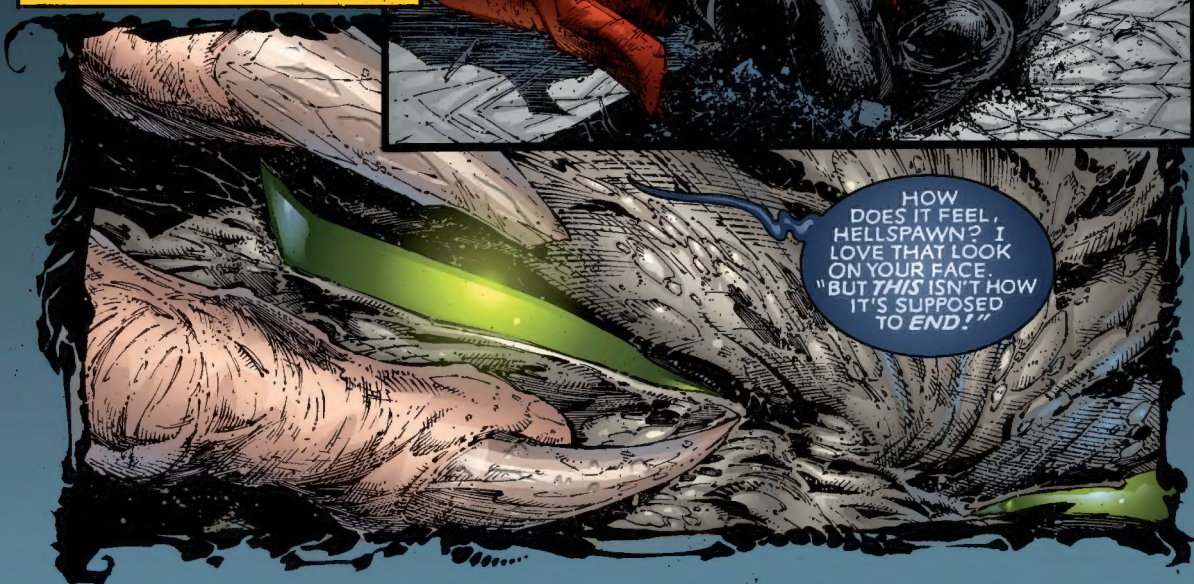
FEEL IT?
ALL THAT
POWER.
ALL THAT
MIGHT
LEAKING
OUT OF
YOU?



NO. NO.
YOU AIN'T
GOIN' NOWHERE.
SEE, I STILL HAVE
ALL **MY** STRENGTH.
AIN'T THAT A
KICKER?

YOU?
BUT
YOU'RE
A--

A VAMPIRE?
A BLOODSUCKER?
NOSFERATU? BINGO.
MEATFACE. BUT
THAT DOESN'T
MEAN WE'RE ON
THE **SAME**
TEAM.




HOW
DOES IT FEEL,
HELLSPAWN? I
LOVE THAT LOOK
ON YOUR FACE.
"BUT **THIS** ISN'T HOW
IT'S SUPPOSED
TO **END**!"



YOU
MAY BE
THE DEVIL'S
SLAVE,
BUT NOT
ME.

I'M BATTLING
FOR HIS
COMPETITION.

WHAT-?!



OH, BY THE
WAY, JUST IN
CASE YOU'RE
WONDERING...



...THIS IS
GOING TO
HURT! A
LOT!

AAAGH!!



STOP!
ENOUGH.

CURB YOUR
BLOODLUST,
FIEND. YOU KNOW
YOU'RE NOT
SANCTIONED TO
*KILL ON THE
SPOT.*

BESIDES,
WHAT *GOOD*
IS HE TO US IF
YOU *DESTROY*
HIM?



TO BE
CONTINUED...



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE